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FRENCH'S AMERICAN ACTING EDITION

# MRS. FLYNN'S LODGERS

## A Play in One Act

BY

H. A. KNIFFIN

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## Characters.

MRS. HONORIA FLYNN . . *Keeper of the Lodging-House.*
RICHARD FAIRFAX . . . . *A Poor Artist and one of The Lodgers.*
SAM . . . . . *His Colored Personal Servant.*
PROFESSOR WEINHABEN . . . . . *Another Lodger.*
ANTON SAUERBLITZ . . *A Prospective Buyer of Paintings.*

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# MRS. FLYNN'S LODGERS.

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SCENE : FAIRFAX'S *combined bedroom and studio containing couch, chairs, stool and easel. Among the properties necessary to the sketch are two paintings or lithographs. They can be set on easel so they are not seen by audience. The curtain rises and discloses* SAM, *seated on stool near footlights, engaged in blacking his master's boots, while* FAIRFAX, *in stocking feet, is painting at easel in rear of stage.*

RICHARD. Sam, haven't you finished with those shoes yet? I'm getting frapped feet standing here in my hole-proofs with no fire in the room.

SAM. I'se got one done, Mas'r Dick. The other'll be ready jes' as soon as I blow my bref on it some more.

RICHARD. Well, toss it over and I'll stand on one leg like a crane until you have finished the job. (SAM *brings it over and returns to stool. While putting shoe on* FAIRFAX *says*) Some day I hope to make my fortune, and when I do the first thing I'll buy will be a pair of slippers.

SAM. Golly, Mas'r Dick, you don't need to *make* no fortune! All you has got to do is to go home to Virginny an' tell de old General dat you is tired of paintin' and is ready to study law like he said yo' should. Den de ol' Mas'r 'll forgive yo' an' we-all will have plenty to eat—po'k and sweet pertates an' hominy an' possum—My! but I can jes' taste it now!—an' more money to spend than dat Mr. Someother dreams is in de world outsiden his own pile. (*Hands second shoe to* FAIRFAX)

RICHARD. Sam, I wish you'd get a job with some one who could afford to pay you wages. It's over two months since I've given you a cent, and I know you need money as badly as I do. Forget about the old home. I can't give up my art, after spending the little money mother left me studying in Paris and Rome. But even if I did, father would never forgive me for disregarding his wishes. He belongs to a past generation that has been left behind by the march of progress. Why he doesn't even know the war is over.

SAM. 'Scuse me for disagreein' with you, Mas'r Dick, but I is sure de General would be powerful glad to welcome you back if you reproached him in de proper spirit. Why Liza Ann done told me—you remember Liza Ann what cooked for dem no "count Carters" down home, don't you?

RICHARD. Yes, Sam, I remember there was such a person.

SAM. Well, Liza Ann told me, when I met her on Sixth Abenue the other day, dat after we left for dem foreign parts, where coons is scarcer than dollar bills is now, old Mas'r done close up de house and live in retiredment—jes' like his po' heart was broken.

RICHARD. That does not alter the case, Sam. The governor is too proud to make the first overture, and I certainly can't go crawling back to him—a miserable failure with no achievements to show the wisdom of my course. But we won't discuss the subject; it's a painful one. The main point is, why won't you leave me and strike out on your own account? Surely there must be opportunities of steady employment in this great city for a strong fellow like you.

SAM. What, leave you, Mas'r Dick, to be discomposed every other minute by dat female Irisher down stairs? No, sir! I reckon dis chile ain't done forgot he was born on de same plantation with you, an' dat his old pap was once de General's butler and slave. Besides, look at de barrels ob money you spent totin' me all over dat foreign Yurrup, libin all de time like de King ob England on his vacation. An' now, jes' be-

case you is hard-up an' can't sell no pictures in dis crazy New York, do yo' suppose I'se gwine to leabe yo' for de sake ob a few tainted dollars? Well I reckon not. Who would lie to de landlady when she comes fo' de rent, I'd like to know, if Sam warn't here to do it? Yo' can't, case yo' is a gentleman; but I—I'se only a no 'count nigger what de Angel Gabriel ain't got time to bother with.

(*The following dialogue between* MRS. FLYNN *and* PROFESSOR WEINHABEN *is heard off stage.*)

MRS. F. I've come for me rint, Perfisser, that ye promised to have ridy this mornin'.

PROF. Vat is los?

SAM. Lordy! Speakin' ob de debil—dere she is now, a tacklin' de Dutchman. It's your turn next, Mas'r Dick.

(FAIRFAX *takes night-shirt from underneath pillow on couch.*)

MRS. F. Don't spake to me in your low-down Dutch; money talks, an' it's the only langwidge Oi understand.

(FAIRFAX *puts night-gown on over his clothes and lays on couch with covers over him.*)

RICHARD. Sam, think up some excuse before she gets here; I've only got a nickel left and she won't be satisfied with that.

PROF. Vell, you see, efery moment I vas expectioning dot leedle Heinrich to come by der house for his lesson yet. He owes me for der last quarter, already, und is to bring it vith him ven he gets here.

MRS. F. Owes you a quarter, does he? An' do ye think yez can loll around in me best room for two wakes an' all you'll have to pay is twinty-foive cints? The nerve av yer! Yez ought to be ashamed of yersilf

—the big, strong man that yez are—talkin' to a poor, hard-workin' widow loike thot. If me man Dan was aloive he'd soon show you wot's wot.

(FAIRFAX, *in pulling covers up about his shoulders, exposes his feet and shoes.*)

RICHARD Here—get something quick, Sam, to put over my feet.

PROF. Vait! you are mistooking my meaning! It was a quarter of a year Heinrich owes me, not a quarter of a dollar.

MRS. F. An' phat the divil is a quarter of a year in American money?

PROF. Fifteen dollars.

MRS. F. An' ye owe me tin. Viry well, Oi'll give yez till twilve o'clock to pay up. If ye don't do it thin, out yez go. Remimber, Oi mane it! . . . Now for thot lazy artist in the nixt room.

(MRS. FLYNN *knocks and enters.*)

MRS. F. Have yez got me——

SAM. Sh! Don't disturb him; he am sleepin'.

MRS. F. Well phat the— Shlapin' is he at tin o'clock in the mornin'! Well it's toime he was up an' earnin' the money to pay me phat he owes me. The oidea! tucked up in bed at this hour, an' me a-workin' an' a-shlavin' the skin off me bones to keep a roof over the loikes of thot. Oi'll get him up, if Oi have to yank him out by the fate. (*Starts toward couch.*)

SAM (*stopping her*). Don't do dat! If yo' has any modesty left, I'se a-tellin' you, don't do dat!

MRS. F. An' phy shouldn't Oi do it if Oi'loikes? (SAM *laughs*)

MRS. F. An' phat the divil are yez laughin' at, yer blakfaced imp of Satan?

SAM (*quickly sobering*). I'se only laughin' at de idea ob a lady like yo' to do such a thing.

MRS. F. Well, don't do it agin, that's all. But where's me rint? Thot's what Oi come for, an' thot's

phat Oi mane to have. Did he get the check you told me yesterday he expected?

SAM. Yes'm; he got it all right.

MRS. F. Thin hand over the money.

SAM. Money? What money?

MRS. F. The money from the check av course. Or, if ye have not cashed it yit, give it to me an' Oi'll put it through me bank.

SAM. O, yo' mean the *check?* No, he didn't get it yet; I disremembered the case correctly. Yo' see de gentleman wrote that he was jes' fresh out ob of checks, but as soon as he got in a new supply he would send one along.

MRS. F. Phat are ye tryin' to do, kid me? (*Bell is heard ringing in the distance*) There's the door-bell; an' Oi must run an' answer it! See thot yez get yer master up an' Oi'll be back and attind to him later. An' tell him if he don't pay up by twilve o'clock, Oi'll fire him out, so Oi will. [*Exit* MRS. FLYNN.

RICHARD (*sitting up in bed*). Has she gone?

SAM. Yas, sir; but she'll be back to discommode us agin in a little while. Dat woman suttingly am de limit. She gets me so rattled I can't think what I'se saying.

(*A knock is heard at door, which* SAM *opens and enter* PROFESSOR WEINHABEN.)

PROF. Wie gehts, Herr Fairfax.

RICHARD. Good morning, Professor. Sit down. I'll be with you as soon as I get out of this night shirt. It's needless to ask how the world is using you, for the walls are so thin I overheard your conversation with the landlady.

PROF. Thin? Yas; yust so thin like my pocket-book. I will tell you someding! Dot leedle fellow Heinrich vot iss coming mit der monoy——

RICHARD. Yes.

PROF. Vell he ain't coming, dot's all.

RICHARD. The boy who is coming with the money isn't coming? What do you mean?

PROF. I mean that I was a fibber und a skinner und a peast—all because I vas vot you call busted! Ven I haf got money—I vas a goot fellow; but ven I am broke—I vas der very Teufel.

RICHARD. Yes, there is a great deal of truth in that. Circumstances have more to do with our morals than the people on Easy Street realize. But what are you going to do about your rent?

PROF. I don't know. If der vidder turns me out—I will haf to go out. Und to-night I vill sleep mit my head in a ash-can—if I don't jump the dock off.

RICHARD. Don't get despondent, Professor. I'm up against it myself or I'd help you out with a loan. Where are you going, Sam?

SAM. I's jes' gwine to de store, Mas'r Dick, fo' a can ob baked beans.

RICHARD. Oh; all right. But hold on! How do you expect to get baked beans without money?

SAM. De grocer done owe us a can in place ob de one dat was spiled last week.

RICHARD. Very well. (EXIT SAM.)

RICHARD. I suspect he's got ,a little money of his own and intends to pay for it out of that. Well, when I get on my feet again I'll make it up to him.

PROF. You don't find mooch money, den, in dese artisticals?

RICHARD. Money? No. The wealthy class expect you to forsake the principles of art and paint their women to resemble angels and their men to look like statesmen, else they'll have nothing to do with you. And the masses!—What they appreciate is something like this. (*Removes painting from casel and puts pictur e of sunset in its place.*) Here is a scene on the Mississippi that I made when I was fourteen years old. Of course it is rotten—my taste and talent were still undeveloped—but yet the lurid coloring would appeal to the uneducated.

PROF. Sure. I have been thinking, Herr Fairfax, about an acquaintance vot I made a friend of der udder day, already.

RICHARD. Yes.

PROF. Ya; I met up by him in Dunkel's down on der corner, yet. He comes in and asks Heiney, vere it iss a good place for some lodgings to get. Und ven Heiney mention two or dree, he vants to know about der Vidder Flynn's. Den Heiney introductions him to me, und der first ting he says is, "I'll haf a soda, vot vill you take?" Den I tells him dot I haf quit drinking in a measure, and he says "Try a leedle in a glass." So I takes a soda too, und den he inkquires all about der house und der people in it.

RICHARD. Is he thinking of coming here to live?

PROF. No; he said he was looking for a place for his nephew, who is coming on from Milwaukee next week. Ven I mentioned your name und told him vot beautiful paintings und lofely sculpturings you made, he seemed to take interest right away und said he vould like to see some of dose tings. I tink he has got money on der bank. Und perhaps if I brought him in here he might buy a picture und den you vould be all right.

RICHARD. That's a good idea! I'll tell you what I'll do, Professor. If you sell him one of my paintings I will give you half the proceeds.

PROF. You vill? Den I can pay der rent und laugh mit scornfulness at docks und ash-cans. Right away I will go look for him.

RICHARD. Very well. Get him here before twelve o'clock or you may have to entertain him on the sidewalk. And if I shouldn't be in when you return, make yourself at home; I won't keep you waiting long.

PROF. Ja wohl.

(WEINHABEN *starts for the door and collides with Sam, who is just entering, knocking the can of beans out of his hand.)*

PROF. Vy don't you look vere you is ventin?

SAM. Scuse me, Professor; I was so anxious to get back an' hear yo' interestin' conversation that I run all de way from de store.

PROF. Vell, I vill forgif you dis time because I vos in a hurry yet. So long!

RICHARD. Au revoir. (*Exit* WEINHABEN.)

SAM. Ha, ha! I bet I done jolt him dat time. Mas'r Dick, for why don't yo' ax him to lunch? Den we will hab scrambled baked beans an' noodles. De perfessor will be der noodle. Ho, ho!

RICHARD. That will do, Sam. He is a good fellow and I don't want you to make fun of him. Besides, he may yet save us from being turned out of the house.

SAM. How am dat?

RICHARD. He is to bring a friend here to look at paintings. If the fellow should happen to buy one we would be all right—for the present. And, by the way, if they come while I'm out, make them as comfortable as possible until I return.

SAM. Yas s'r. Is yo' gwine far, Mas'r Dick?

RICHARD. No; only over to the Avenue and back. My coat, please. Now my stick. Thanks.

(*Exit* FAIRFAX.)

SAM. I suspec' de young Mas'r is in lub agin. Very funny why he has to take dese walks to de Abenue fo' an' five times a day. An' didn't I see him, last week, a-gazin' up at a house like he hoped to see it on fire so's he could rush in an' sabe his angel from de flames? Ho, ho! you can't fool Sam. If he would only take a good big dose ob castor oil, he would get it out ob his system an' feel better. But sho'! yo' can't tell dat to dese young bloods; dey likes to mope aroun' an' look at de moon an' hug their misery—when dey might be huggin' anúbber gal. But I suppose I couldn't change dis crazy ol' world if I tried, so I might as well make de best ob it.

(*Enter* MRS. FLYNN. *Song for* SAM *can be introdueed here if desired.*)

MRS. F. I see your master go out a minute ago. Has he gone to get some money for me—or simply to buy cigaroots?

SAM. Yus'm.

MRS. F. Yas'm. Which question do yez be answerin', Oi'd loike to know?

SAM. Bofe. If he gets de money, he am sure to buy de cigarettes.

MRS. F. Arragh! a nice penny dude he is! One of the Hall-Room byes, sure enough. He can't pay me me rent, but Oi notice he can shport a handsome cane, all right.

SAM. He didn't buy that stick.

MRS. F. He didn't? Where did he get it thin, shtale it?

SAM. No; that was a present from de King of France.

MRS. F. There ain't no King of France, ye lyin' shpalpeen.

SAM. Well den it was de King ob Eyetaliany.

MRS. F. The King of the Waps, eh? Oi want to know! Oi suppose ye've thraveled considerably on the other side?

SAM. Sure; ober three hundred thousand miles.

MRS. F. Ye don't say. An' did ye go to Oireland at all, at all?

SAM. Ireland? Ireland? Oh yes, we went to Ireland. Yo' see dat picture dere? (*Points to sunset scene*) He done made dat in Ireland. Dat am Lake —Lake—I disremember de name.

MRS. F. Killarney?

SAM. Dat's it. I knew it was Kill-something.

MRS. F. Sure an' it's the beautiful shpot, all roight, all roight; Oi'd recognize it anywhere.

SAM. Mebbe he might gib it to yo', if yo' was to go easy wid him on de rent. But I dunno; he thinks a heap ob dat picture becase ob de good time he had while he was a-paintin' ob it. Howsomever, I'll jes' put it aside so's when de perfessor comes wid de man to buy de picture, he won't take dis one. (*Removes it from easel*)

MRS. F. So that lazy Dutchman is to bring a buyer with him, is he?

SAM. Yas'm ; it am a friend of his.

MRS. F. Well, it's a wonder he wouldn't look for some fool to buy his music.

(*A knock is heard at door.*)

SAM. Dere dey is now, I reckon. (*Goes to door and opens it. Enter* PROFESSOR WEINHABEN *and* ANTON SAUERBLITZ) Walk right in, gentlemen.

(SAUERBLITZ *makes the mistake of shaking* SAM *enthusiastically by the hand, then bows low before* MRS. FLYNN.)

ANTON. Guten morgen, Frau Fairfax. I hope your healt' vas keeping pace mit your constitution, already.

MRS. F. Phat the divil are ye drivin' at? Are ye bughouse or just plain dippy?

PROF. Vait, Anton! you vas miscalculating der personalities. Mrs. Flynn, my frient Herr Sauerblitz.

AOTON. Mooch obliged to meet your introduction.

MRS. F. Sauerblitz? Oi should think it would be Sour-fits, the way ye tw'st yersilf around the Ainglish langwidge. Perfissor, has thot bye brought yet he quarter-of-a-year yet thot he owes ye?

PROF. Donnerwetter! (*Takes the widow aside and expostulates with her in whispers*)

SAM. Make yo'self at home, Mr.—Mr.—Jes' make yo'self at home. The master will be back sho'tly, an' he done told me to see dat yo' was comfortable.

ANTON. Donkershane! I feels a gratefulness for your kind intentions.

MRS. F. Viry well ; Oi'll kape quiet. But remimber, Perfissor, twilve o'clock is the limit for both you and the artist.

PROF. Ya ; I won't forget.

(*Exit* MRS. FLYNN.

PROF. Vell, Anton, here ve is in der vunderful stootio I vas tellin' you apout. (*Turning to* SAM.) I vant to show my frient some of der marfelous vorks of art your master keeps by der place.

SAM. Go right ahead an' help yo'self, Perfissor.

PROF. (*placing picture on easel*). Now ve haf here a painting so delicate in texture dot it is necessary to protect it vith a cloth, already.

ANTON. He keeps it covered up for fear it vill get sunburned, ain't it? But I vouldn't call *dot* delicate.

PROF. Ah! dot is because your eye vasn't educated up to der proper contemplation of der subject. Dis picture has der vonderful property of following you all arount the room.

ANTON. I don't tink my wife would like that pictures!

PROF. It possesses der attraction of gravitation to such a degree, dot ven you vunce lay your eyes on it you find it hard to get dem back again. Vy, ven I comes in here, I looks at it und looks at it und den I looks away und tries to think of someding else; but soon I finds myself vanting to see more of it, so I looks back again. It's called der good old summer time because dere's so much sun, ain't it.

ANTON. Dot's vy he calls it der goot old summertime?

PROF. Sure.

ANTON. Dit you efer see anything like dot yourself, Weinhaben?

PROF. Vy no; can't you see dis is in der country? I haf always lifed in der city.

ANTON. Do they haf such suns in der country, already?

ANTON. Ach no! I wouldn't haf such a sunshine picture in der house,

PROF. Vell perhaps you vould prefer to look at some udder supjects. Now here—(*Picks up sunset scene and places on easel.*) Here is a painting, done in crayons, of der Rhine at sunset. You see dis leedle dot on der top of der hill?

ANTON. Yes; vot is it—a fly-speck?

PROF. No; dot was der ruins of Castle Weinerwurst. Time und der elephants.

ANTON. Do they have elephants in Chermany?

PROF. Sure they have elephants in Germany?

ANTON. I never saw any.

PROF. Vas you efer in Chermany?

ANTON. No; but I vas in Little Hungary vunce, and I didn't see any there; nor camels noider.

PROF. Oh, you are talking about animal elephants; I was referring to der vedder elephants.

ANTON. Der vedder elephants?

PROF. Sure; rain und snow und tunder und lightning.

ANTON. Dot's der elements.

PROF. Aint dot vot I said it? Vell, time und der—you know—haf caused der valls to crumble away until all dere is left is vot you see here.

ANTON. It looks like vun brick to me.

PROF. Dot is der vunderful part about der picture! It is yust there dot the artist shows the distance between the observer und vot he is observationing. Und den, by having the walls all fallen down, he captivates the imagination by making you tink vot a peautiful building it must have been; ven, if he had left it stooding upright, it might look like—like—

ANTON. An Eight Avenue tenement-house?

PROF. Sure; only not so goot. Yust gaze at der marfelous perspective to der atmosphere! und note how *easily* der foreground slips into der middle-distance, like a man stepping on a banana-peel. Ach! it is a great work of art! Tink how much it must haf cost him! He made a special trip all der vay from New York to Chermany yust to paint dot vun picture.

ANTON. It must be quite an expensiveness to buy it then?

PROF. Expensiveness? No matter vot he charges, it is worth yust twice so much!

(*Enter* RICHARD FAIRFAX.)

RICHARD. Good morning, gentlemen. I hope I haven't kept you waiting long.

PROF. No; only a few minutes. Herr Fairfax, shook hands mit my friend, Anton Sauerblitz.

RICHARD. Pardon me, I didn't catch the name.

ANTON. Sauerblitz.

RICHARD. Ah, to be sure. Very glad to know you, Mr. Sauerblitz . . . Sam, did you offer the gentlemen some grape juice?

SAM. No, sah.

RICHARD. Why not.

SAM. I didn't tink dere was any left in.

RICHARD. Bring the bottle and glasses—er—glass at once.

SAM. De one yo' keeps yo' tooth-brush in, Mas'r Dick?

RICHARD. The cut glass tumbler, Sam. (*To the others.*) I'm sorry I haven't one for each of us; but we can take our turn, if you don't mind.

ANTON. Sure; vot's der difference.

(*After Sam has brought it* FAIRFAX *hands glass to* SAUERBLITZ *and starts to pour.*)

RICHARD. Say when.

ANTON. Ven; dot's plenty. (*Holding glass aloft.*) To der vimin, Gott bless dem; dey need it!

(FAIRFAX *hands glass to* WEINHABEN *and is about to pour into it when the latter grabs bottle from him and fills glass to the brim.*)

RICHARD. Put a little on your hair, Professor; it's a good tonic.

PROF. Prosit! (*Drinks and smacks his lips.*) Ach, dot vas good!

RICHARD (*Taking small drink*). Here's to you, gentlemen! (*Hands glass and decanter back to Sam.*) Sam, run down to the corner and get the correct time; it must be nearing noon.

SAM. All right—in a minute, Mas'r Dick.

PROF. I haf been showing Anton some of your paintings, Herr Fairfax.

RICHARD. Yes; And what does he think of them?

ANTON. I likes dot scene on der Rhine pretty vell, und vould like to know der price of it.

RICHARD. Scene on the Rhine? What——

(WEINHABEN *makes wild gesture to attract* FAIRFAX'S *attention.*)

RICHARD. Oh yes; you could have that for——

PROF. Excuse me, HERR FAIRFAX, but haf you got a cigarette about you?

RICHARD. Certainly.

(WEINHABEN *takes* FAIRFAX *aside and accepts a cigarette.* SAUERBLITZ *observes* SAM, *in background, helping himself to more grape juice and promptly joins him in two or three while the others are talking.*)

PROF. Charge him five-hundred dollars; he vill stand it. I haf got him going.

RICHARD. But what picture is he talking about?

PROF. Der vun on der easel dere,

RICHARD. What! five hundred for that sketch?

PROF. Sure! I told him you vent all der vay to Chermany especially to paint it.

RICHARD. But it isn't worth five dollars.

PROF. No matter; a picture is vorth yust vot you can get for it. He likes dot better as all der udders und vill pay vot you ask him. Remember der rent is due at twelve o'clock. I get half, don't I?

RICHARD. Why, of course. But I can't sell him that sketch for any such exorbitant price.

PROF. Der more you charge der better he vill tink der picture is. Besides, if you don't sell him dot vun he von't buy any udders,und den ve vill be turned out of der house yet.

RICHARD (*hesitating*). Very well; I suppose you know best.

PROF. Und anoder ting. If he should ask you to make some alterations by it, slap some more on der price.

RICHARD. All right; I'll do as you say.

[*Exit* SAM.

PROF. Anton, I haf yust been telling Herr Fairfax

dot because you vas a frient of mine he should take a leedle off der price of der painting.

ANTON. Sure; dot vas a goot idea.

RICHARD (*at easel*). Just step over here, Mr. Sauerblitz. Now you can see for yourself that a picture of this description is worth a lot of money.

ANTON, Sure; dot's vy I like it.

RICHARD. The regular price for such a painting would be six-hundred-and-fifty dollars; but seeing you are a friend of the professor's, I'll let you have it for five hundred.

ANTON. Five hundred dollars?

RICHARD. Yes.

ANTON. Vait a moment vile I speak to my frient. (*Walks over and addresses* WEINHABEN) He says I should pay him five-hundred for it. Vould you do it?

PROF. (*deliberating while he paces floor*). Vell, I'll tell you—yes, I vould.

ANTON (*going back to* FAIRFAX). Vell, if I buy der picture, could you move der castle back of der hill vere it couldn't be seen?

(FAIRFAX *looks at* WEINHABEN *who holds up one finger.*)

RICHARD. Yes; but that would cost you a hundred more, Mr. Sauerblitz.

ANTON. I vill speak to my frient about it. (*Stepping over to* WEINHABEN.) He says it would cost a hundred dollars to move der castle. Vould you pay it?

PROF. (*pacing floor a little further*). Vell, I'll tell you—yes, I vould.

ANTON (*returning to* FAIRFAX). Anodder ting; you see vere der sun is sinking?

RICHARD. Yes.

ANTON. I am afraid it vill soon be sinking in der sink. Couldn't you lift it up a little higher yet?

(FAIRFAX *looks at* WEINHABEN *who holds up two fingers.*)

RICHARD. Yes, that could be done; but I'll have to charge you two hundred extra for it.

ANTON. Just a minute. (*Going over to* WEINHABEN.) He vants two hundred for lifting der sun up a little higher. Vould you gif it to him?

PROF. (*pacing floor still further*). Vell, I'll tell you —yes, I vould.

ANTON (*returning to easel and gazing critically at picture*). I tink dot ven der sun is higher up, maybe it vould shine directly in peoples eyes und gif dem der pink-eye. Could you shift it ofer to der Northeast a little?

(FAIRFAX *looks at* WEINHABEN *who again holds up two fingers.*)

RICHARD. Yes, for an additional two hundred.

ANTON. I'll see vot der professor tinks. (*Walking over to* WEINHABEN) He asks two hundred to shift der sun a little to der Northeast. Vould you pay it?

PROF. (*pacing entire length of stage*). Vell, I tell you —yes.

ANTON (*returning to* FAIRFAX). How much does dat make it, altogedder?

RICHARD. Let me see; five and one is six, and two is eight, and two is ten—one thousand dollars.

ANTON. Vell, I'll tell you—I'll tink it over.

RICHARD. How long a time do you want to consider it, Mr. Sauerblitz?

AMTON. Oh, mebbe a month.

(*Clock strikes twelve;* FAIRFAX *and* WEINHABEN *exchange glances of consternation, then* FAIRFAX *paces floor while other two are talking.*)

PROF. But, Anton, you don't understand! Herr Fairfax made you a special priee, didn't he?

ANTON. Sure; he took off a hundred-and-fifty und added on five hundred. Dot's goot business!

PROF. Yes; but mebbe a month from now prices will go up on der Stocking Exchange und you would haf to pay so much as twelve hundred for it.

ANTON. Vell, vot's der hurry? He ain't needing

der money, is he? A man vot gets a tousand dollars for vun picture ought to be vell fixed.

PROF. Sure he is vell fixed. He could afford to throw two—three—four tousand dollars out of der vinder; only he wouldn't do it for fear he might hit some vun on der head.

ANTON. Vell, den I guess he can vait a month.

PROF. I vasn't tinking of him, Anton; it vas *your* interests only I vas looking out for. I don't vant you should haf to pay more money for dis foolish vaiting.

(*Enter* MRS. FLYNN.)

MRS. F. Well, time's up. It's twilve o'clock an' Oi've got ye both here where I can talk to yez.

PROF. Gott in Himmel! put dat voman out!

MRS. F. Put me out, yer thick-headed Dutchman? Oi'd like to see ye lay a hand on me. Come! ye can't work yer friend for any money, so get out—all of yez.

PROF. Oh; you haf been listening by key-holes, ain't it?

MRS. F. Niver moind; I know me business.

PROF. Yes; und every vun elses.

ANTON (*To* MRS. FLYNN). Vot seems to be der trouble?

MRS. F. These two galoots owe me two wakes' rint a pace, an' Oi've given thim twilve o'clock to pay up. An' now it's noon an' they haven't done it, so out they go.

ANTON (*to* WEINHABEN). Vy don't Herr Fairfax use some of dot money he didn't trow out of der vinder?

(*The* PROFESSOR *looks crestfallen and remains silent.*)

RICHARD. Mrs. Flynn, I'm very sorry that I haven't the money to pay you just now; but don't think I'm a dead-beat, for you'll get every cent some day. Would you mind if I stay here until Sam returns?

MRS. F. An' how long will that be?

RICHARD. Not very long; he should have been back before this. I can't imagine what's keeping him.

MRS. F. Well, you can wait tin minutes.

ANTON (*to* FAIRFAX). Vere do you expect to go von you leave here?

RICHARD. That's more than I can say, Mr. Sauerblitz.

ANTON. Hafn't you any home to vent to?

RICHARD. I had a home once, and glad enough I'd be to go back to it; but I'm afraid my father wouldn't receive me if I did.

ANTON. So? (*Paces stage while* FAIRFAX *begins to collect belongings.*)

PROF. (*to* MRS. FLYNN). Vy couldn't you haf vaited a moment longer? Den ve might haf had der money.

MRS. F. Do ye think ye could get a cint out of that tight-wad? Not on yer life yer couldn't!

ANTON (*coming to a stand before* FAIRFAX *and throwing out his chest*). I haf decided, Herr Fairfax, to buy der picture.

PROF. (*to* MRS. FLYNN). Dere, vot did I tell you!

ANTON. Get me a pen and ink und I vill write out der check.

RICHARD. But the price, Mr. Sauerblitz?

ANTON. Has it gone up any since I vaited?

RICHARD. No, of course not. But are you willing to pay all that money for that picture? You can have three or four if you say so.

ANTON. No; I am satisfied vid dot vun, alone.

(FAIRFAX *brings pen and ink.* SAUERBLITZ *takes check-book from his pocket, and in doing so drops letter to floor which remains unnoticed.*)

ANTON. Vot is your first name, MR. Fairfax?

RICHARD. Richard.

ANTON (*writing check and handing it to* Fairfax). Dere, Mr. Fairfax, is der money.

RICHARD. Thank you. Some day, when I have made a name for myself, I will show my appreciation by giving you a picture.

ANTON. It is nodding.

PROF. Vell, now everyting is all right! I tought all dot hot air I used would do some goot.

RICHARD (*handing check to* MRS. FLYNN). Take the Professor's and my rent out of that, Mrs. Flynn.

MRS. F. A thousand dollars! Sure an' ye don't think Oi carry change of thot in me shtocking, do ye? Oi'l have to sind it to the bank and get it certified. Just endorse it an' Oi'll get me brother-in-law to take it around there. Thin, if it's all right, Oi'll give the difference.

(FAIRFAX *endorses it and hands it to* MRS. FLYNN.)

MRS. F. Thank ye; Oi always said ye was a gintleman. Oi'll return as soon as Mike gets back.

(*Exit* MRS. FLYNN *as* SAM *enters and beckons to* FAIRFAX.

SAM. Yo' can pay de rent now, Mas'er Dick. I won eleben dollars shootin' crap down de alley. Here it am.

RICHARD. Keep it Sam; I don't need it. Mr. Sauerblitz has bought the painting and we're well fixed once more.

SAM. What, dat one dere? (*Points to easel, laughs silently, then spying letter on floor, picks it up and hands it to* FAIRFAX *saying.*) Am dis yours, Mas'r Dick?

RICHARD (*looks at it and starts*). 'Where did *you* get that?

SAM. I jes' picked it up offen de flo'.

RICHARD. Did either of you gentlemen drop a letter?

PROF. No; I didn't.

ANTON. Sure; I must haf lost vun.

RICHARD. Then will you kindly explain how you come to be in possession of a letter addressed to Erick Burlap and written by my father?

ANTON (*dropping dialect, taking off disguise and speaking in natural voice*). I think, Mr. Fairfax, the circumstances warrant my exceeding the General's instructions and making a clean breast of everything.

(FAIRFAX *bows.*)

ANTON. My name is Erick Burlap, and for some time past I have been looking after your father's interests in New York. A week ago I received this letter from him in which he states that you are in this city and asks me to look you up. His instructions were, if I found you in need, to purchase pictures of you to the extend of one thousand dollars, not letting you know from whom the money came. Being of German descent, it was natural for me to assume the character I did and try to get as much fun as possible out of the transaction. My reason for revealing your father's kindness against his wishes is that you expressed a desire to go home but were doubtful of your reception.

RICHARD. Mr. Sauer—Burlap——

PROF. Sauerburlap: dot's a new one.

RICHARD. Mr. Burlap, you did perfectly right; I will take the Southern Limited this afternoon for home. Sam, start to pack for we leave at three-thirty.

SAM. Glory!

(MRS. FLYNN *enters and hands money to* FAIRFAX.)

MRS. F. The check was all right, so here's the difference. Count it.

RICHARD. Thank you.

PROF. As I didn't help to sell the picture, Herr Fairfax, you don't owe me nudding, but I owe you ten dollars.

RICHARD. No, Professor; you did the work and are entitled to the money.

PROF. Donkershane; you are very goot.

MRS. F. Oi always said he was the illigant gintleman.

ANTON. Mr. Fairfax, I wish you a pleasant journey and the brightest possible future.

RICHARD. Thank you. When I get settled I want you all to come down and spend a month with me, and I'll try and give you a taste of Southern hospitality and we will never forget that we were once Mrs. Flynn's lodgers.

(CURTAIN.)

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